

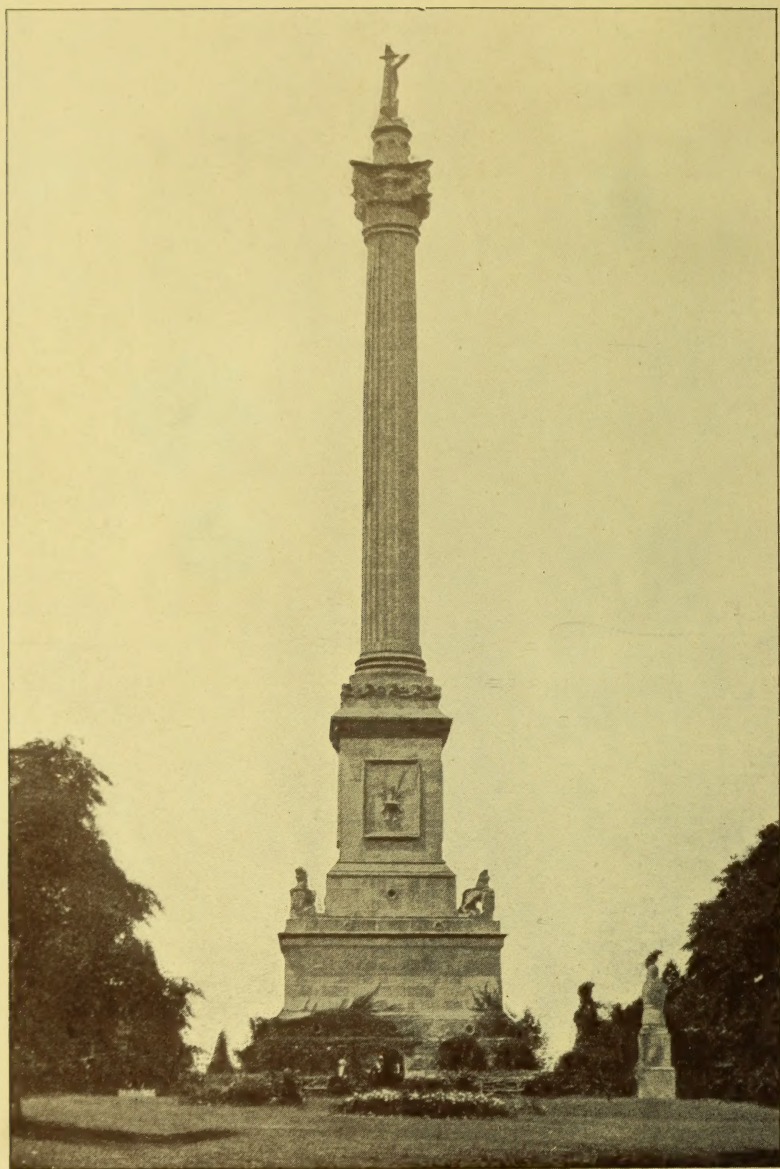
BUDDING SPRAYS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK
K.C.B.

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BUDDING SPRAYS.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.C.B.

8

THE BROCK MONUMENT.

This graceful shaft marks the site of the battle of Queenstown Heights, October 13, 1812, where an American force of 2,500 Militia and a regiment of Regulars attacked the British, under the command of General Sir Isaac Brock. The Americans were defeated and their Commander, Col. Winfield Scott, was captured, and every commissioned officer was either killed or wounded. On the British side, General Brock lost his life and many an English soldier found his last resting-place near the historic banks of the Niagara River.

BUDDING SPRAYS

BY

BLANCHE ADELAIDE BROCK

AND

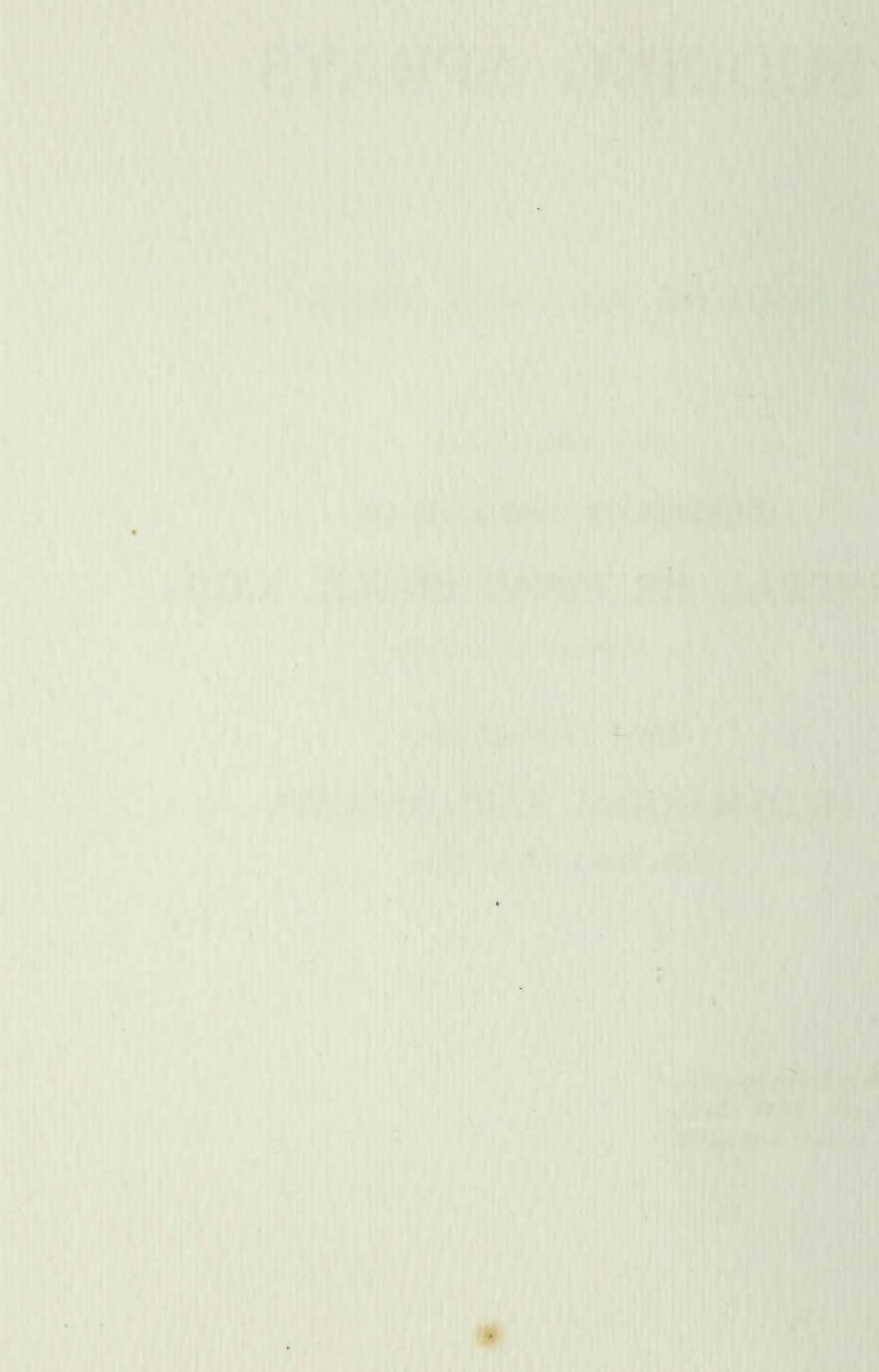
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.C.B.,

WITH PREFACE BY

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS,

V.C., K.G., G.C.B., &C.

J. BALE, SONS & DANIELSSON, LTD.
OXFORD HOUSE, 83-91, GREAT
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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.C.B.
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR
AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF
UPPER CANADA.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.C.B.

PREFACE.

I HAVE read with great interest the sketch of the life of General Sir Isaac Brock—an officer who came to the front at a very important time in the history of Canada.

As was not unusual a hundred years ago, General Brock entered the Army at a very early age. At 15 he obtained his commission; at 28 he was a Lieut.-Colonel and in command of a regiment; at 33 he was in chief command at Quebec; at 41 he obtained the rank of Major-General, and the following year, three days before he received his mortal wound, he was made a Knight of the Bath.

General Brock was essentially a man of action. His sound judgment, his quick decision, and his knowledge of human nature enabled him to deal with difficulties which would have appalled a less determined man. It was in Upper Canada (1810-12) that General Brock proved himself to be a successful administrator as well as a capable

PREFACE

commander. "Here, his energetic example, the confidence reposed in him by the inhabitants, and the ascendancy he possessed over the Indian tribes, proved of the highest value."

When the war with the United States—which had been imminent for some time—broke out, General Brock acted with his usual vigour and promptitude. On the 16th August, 1812, with only 350 Regulars, 600 Indian Militia, and 400 untrained volunteers, he captured Detroit, in which place General Hull and the invading American force had shut themselves up, and on the 13th October—while engaged with a second American army—he was killed at Queenstown. He had dismounted to head the 49th—his own Regiment—when he was shot through the body. His last words were, "Never mind me—push on the York Volunteers."

The statuary in St. Paul's Cathedral and the monument on the Queenstown Heights testify to the feeling of respect and admiration entertained by the people, both in this country and in Canada, for the memory of "the hero of Upper Canada."

ROBERTS, F.-M.

SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK.

THE year 1912 being the centenary of the Battle of Queenstown Heights, where General Brock fell in the hour of victory, it seems a favourable time to recall this hero to the short-lived memory of the British nation—a nation that owes so much to his worth and bravery, both as a soldier and statesman, and, alas! by it almost ingloriously forgotten.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is a handsome piece of statuary to his memory in the South Transept of St. Paul's Cathedral, and also a magnificent monument towering high on Queenstown Heights, which my husband had the pleasure of looking on two years ago, the name of Sir Isaac Brock is entirely ignored by most of the present-day English Historians, and, indeed, by most books of reference. Very few people one meets seem even to have heard of him in England. This ought not to be; as the name of General Brock should be as

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familiar to British ears as our beloved General Wolfe's is.

Major-General Sir Isaac Brock was born in the parish of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, on October 6, 1769. He was the eighth son of his parents, John Brock, Esquire, and Elizabeth De Lisle. In his eleventh year he was sent to school at Southampton; afterwards he spent a year at Rotterdam under a French Protestant clergyman for the purpose of learning the French language. His eldest brother, John—a Lieutenant in the 8th, the King's Regiment—being promoted to a Company, by purchase, Isaac succeeded to the vacancy thus caused, and purchased his ensigncy on March 2, 1785, in his sixteenth year. He was unusually tall and precocious and had an appearance much beyond his age.

Having entered the Army at so early an age, he felt his deficiencies of education, and for a long period devoted his whole leisure time to study. He was promoted to a Lieutenancy in 1790, and was quartered in Guernsey and Jersey.

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At the end of that year he obtained an independent Company by raising the required number of men to complete it. He soon afterwards exchanged into the 49th. He joined this regiment at Barbadoes, where he remained doing duty there, and afterwards at Jamaica until 1793. He was then compelled to return on sick leave, the climate nearly killing him.

On his return from Jamaica, Captain Brock was employed on the recruiting service in England and afterwards in charge of a number of recruits in Jersey. On June 24, 1795, he purchased his majority and remained in command of the recruits until the following year. On October 25, 1797, Major Brock purchased his Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and soon afterwards became Senior Colonel of the 49th.

He was generally considered one of the most fortunate officers in the Service. In little over seven years he had risen from an ensign to a Lieutenant-Colonel. The Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief, declared that Lieutenant-Colonel Brock had made the 49th from being

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one of the worst into one of the best regiments in the Service.

On October 2, 1799, Brock distinguished himself in command of his regiment at the Battle of Egmont-op-Zee; a number of brave officers fell in this action. Lieutenant-Colonel Brock was wounded, and it might have been fatally had the weather not have been so cold that he was wearing a stout neckerchief over a thick black silk cravat, both of which were perforated by the bullet—the violence of the blow was so great as to stun and dismount him.

Major-General Moore, in whose brigade was the 49th, continued in action for two hours after he was severely wounded in the thigh, and not until he had received another severe wound in the face did he quit the field. Thanks to the inspiring example, the unflagging spirit and the noble gallantry of General Sir Ralph Abercromby the fight was well sustained to the end.

Early in 1801, the 49th was embarked in the fleet destined to the Baltic under Sir Hyde

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

Parker. Lieutenant-Colonel Brock was second in command of the land forces at Copenhagen, April 2nd. He was appointed to lead the 49th in storming the principal of the Treckroner batteries, together with five hundred seamen under Captain Freemantle (afterwards Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Freemantle, G.C.B.). But the lengthened and heroic defence of the Danes rendered the attempt impracticable. Colonel Brock at the close of the hard-fought battle accompanied Captain Freemantle to the Elephant 74, Nelson's flag ship, where he saw the hero write his celebrated letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The 49th, on its return from Copenhagen, was quartered at Colchester, and in the spring of 1802 the regiment sailed for Canada, which country was to bestow upon it its crowning laurels, as well as to be the scene of the fame and death of its Commanding Officer.

In less than eighteen months after the arrival of the 49th in Canada, and while it was quartered in the Upper Province, a serious conspiracy was on the point of breaking out in that part of the

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

regiment which was in garrison at Fort George, on the Magara, under the command of the Junior Lieutenant-Colonel, the headquarters being at York, the capital. This officer, it seems more by useless annoyance than by actual severity, had so exasperated the men under his command that they formed a plot to murder all the officers present, with the exception of a young man who had recently joined, and then to cross over to the United States.

The suspicions of the officer in command having been aroused, he hastily wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Brock on the subject, and sent his letter by one of his men, who delivered it as the latter officer was shooting, or on his return from a shooting excursion. On reading the letter, and knowing from the character of the man that he must be engaged in the conspiracy if there were any, he threatened to shoot him on the spot if he did not instantly divulge the names of the ring-leaders. The man, thus taken by surprise, did as he was ordered, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brock hurried off to Fort George.

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“On his arrival he found the men at dinner, and placing the officers with their drawn swords at the doors, he went into the rooms with handcuffs and secured the most culpable, among whom was a sergeant, none offering the slightest resistance. On being tried by Court Martial, four were condemned to suffer death, and, with three deserters, were shot at Quebec, in presence of the garrison, early in the month of March, 1804.

“The unfortunate sufferers declared publicly that had they continued under the command of Colonel Brock they would have escaped their melancholy end, and, as may be easily conceived, he felt no little anguish that they who had so recently fought under him in Holland and at Copenhagen were thus doomed to end their lives the victims of unruly passions inflamed by vexatious authority. He was now directed to assume the command at Fort George, and all complaint and desertion instantly ceased.”¹

On June, 4th 1811, Brock was promoted and

¹ Brock's Life, by Ferdinand Brock Tupper, Esq.

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

appointed by the Prince Regent to serve from that day as Major-General on the staff of North America. On the 9th October, 1811, Major-General Brock, in addition to the command of the troops, was appointed President and Administrator of the Government in Upper Canada in place of Lieutenant-Governor Gore, who returned to England on leave. At the end of the year H.R.H. the Duke of York expressed at length every inclination to gratify Major-General Brock's wishes for more active employment in Europe, and Sir George Prevost was authorized to replace him by another officer ; but when the permission reached Canada, early in 1812, the war with the United States was evidently near at hand, and Major-General Brock, with such a prospect, was retained both by honour and inclination in the country.

In 1812 the United States of America declared war against Britain.

The following counter-proclamation was published by Major-General Brock :—

“ The unprovoked Declaration of War by the

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies has been followed by the actual invasion of this province, in a remote frontier of the western district, by a detachment of the armed force of the United States.

“The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite His Majesty’s Subjects, not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them by a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his government.

“Without condescending to repeat the illiberal epithets bestowed in the appeal of the American Commander to the people of Upper Canada on the administration of His Majesty, every inhabitant of the province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in the review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the government in his person, his property, or his liberty? Where is to be found in any part of the world a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth as this colony

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

exhibits? Settled not thirty years by a band of veterans, exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty. Not a descendant of these brave people is to be found, who, under the fostering liberality of their Sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to what was possessed by their ancestors.

“This unequalled prosperity would not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the government, or the preserving industry of the people, had not the maritime power of the Mother Country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market, where the produce of their labour was in request.

“The unavoidable and immediate consequences of a separation from Great Britain must be the loss of this inestimable advantage ; and what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their government enforces ; you are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence ; and it is but too obvious that once estranged from

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

the powerful protection of the United Kingdom you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbour. This restitution of Canada to the Empire of France was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to revolted colonies, now the United States ; the debt is still due, and there can be no doubt but the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation in the tyranny of France over the commercial world.

“Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects, or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of Continental Europe with a rod of iron? If not arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the King’s regular forces to repel the invader, and do not give cause to your children, when groaning under the oppression of a foreign

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master, to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, character, and freedom of Britons!

“The same spirit of justice, which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty, will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy as well as his own property—to shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that, if in this unexpected struggle his Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, the province will be eventually abandoned; the endeared relations of the first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce, and the pretensions of its powerful rival to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland of which the restoration of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

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“ Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the Commander of the enemy’s forces to refuse quarter should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of Aborigines which inhabit this Colony were, like his Majesty’s other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity by the loss of their possessions in the late Colonies, and rewarded by his Majesty with lands of superior value in this province. The faith of the British Government has never yet been violated—the Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected from the base arts, so frequently devised to overreach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps—they seek him not, and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army; but they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe, using the same warfare which the American Commander affects to reprobate.

“ This inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter for such a cause as being found in arms with brother sufferers, in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with the certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations of war in this part of the King's dominion, but in every quarter of the globe ; for the National character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation.

“ ISAAC BROCK,

“ *Major-General and President.*

“ *Headquarters,*

“ *Fort George,*

“ *July 22nd, 1812.*

“ By order of his honour the President,

“ J. B. Clegg,

“ *Captain and Aide-de-Camp.*”

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

On July 27th Major-General Brock returned to York from Fort George, on which day, accompanied by a numerous suite, he opened the extra Session of the Legislature.

The following is one of his speeches :—

“Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,—

“The urgency of the present crisis is the only consideration which could have induced me to call you together at a time when public as well as private duties elsewhere demand your care and attention.

“But, gentlemen, when invaded by an enemy, whose avowed object is the entire conquest of the province, the voice of loyalty, as well as of interest, calls aloud to every person in the sphere in which he is placed to defend his country.

“Our Militia have heard that voice, and have obeyed it ; they have evinced by the promptitude and loyalty of their conduct, that they are worthy of the King whom they serve and of the Constitution which they enjoy, and it affords me parti-

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

cular satisfaction that, while I address you as legislators, I speak to men who, in the day of danger, will be ready to assist, not only with their counsel, but with their arms.

“We look, gentlemen, to our Militia, as well as to the regular forces, for our protection; but I should be wanting to that important trust committed to my care if I attempted to conceal (what experience, the great instructor of mankind, and especially of legislators, has discovered) that amendment is necessary in our Militia laws to render them efficient. It is for you to consider what further improvements they still may require.

.
“Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,—

“We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and dispatch in our Councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson—that a country defended by *free men*, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, can never be conquered.”

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

After his defeat of General Hull and the capture of Detroit, General Brock became the idol of the great mass of those he governed, and when he returned to York on August 27th he was received with grateful acclamations from the people. "They remembered that in the short space of nineteen days he had not only met the legislature and settled the public business of the province, under the most trying circumstances that a commander could encounter, but, with means incredibly limited, he had gone three hundred miles in pursuit of an invading enemy of almost double his own force and compelled him to surrender, thus extending the British dominion without bloodshed over an extent of country almost equal to Upper Canada."¹

In a letter written by Earl Bathurst to Sir George Prevost on October 10th, 1812, the following paragraphs occur:—

"I am commanded by His Royal Highness to desire you to take the earliest opportunity of

¹ Christie's Memoirs.

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

conveying His Royal Highness' approbation of the able, judicious, and decisive conduct of Major-General Brock, of the zeal and spirit manifested by Colonel Proctor and the other officers, as well as of the intrepidity of the troops under the command of Major-General Brock.

“By the united exertions of this little army the enterprise of the American Army has been defeated ; the territories of His Majesty in Upper Canada have been secured ; and on the enemy's fort of Detroit the British Standard has been happily placed.

“You *will* inform Major-General Brock that His Royal Highness, taking into consideration all the difficulties by which Major-General Brock was surrounded from the time of the invasion of the province by the American Army, under the command of General Hull, and the singular judgment, firmness, skill and courage with which he was enabled to surmount them so effectually, has been pleased to appoint him an extra Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath.”

The Americans, smarting under their defeat at

LIFE OF GENERAL BROCK

Detroit, determined to wipe out the stain and penetrate again into Upper Canada. The result was the famous Battle of Queenstown Heights, where Brock fell in the hour of triumph. The victory, though easily won, was complete, but it was felt by the conquerors to be little compensation for the loss of their great leader.

Christie, in his "Historical Memoirs," says : "Thus ended the second attempt of the Americans to invade Upper Canada. The fall of General Brock, the idol of the army and the people of Upper Canada, was an irreparable loss, and cast a shade over this dear-bought victory. He was a native of Guernsey, of an ancient family distinguished in the profession of arms. He had served for many years in Canada, and in some of the principal campaigns of Europe. He was one of those extraordinary men who seem born to influence mankind and mark the age in which they live."

BUDDING SPRAYS.

A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO KING EDWARD VII.

Mournful the tread of the feet that pass,
Blinded with tears are the eyes of the mass ;
Each heart feels a sorrow expressly its own
And the Soul of the World breathes one long moan.

A Voice, hushed and deep,

Repeating keeps

“ The King sleeps! The King sleeps!”

Heads are bowed reverently, old and young,
The great and humble, the weak and strong.
In their noble King they have lost a friend.
Ah! grief-stricken heads are these they bend.

A Voice, hushed and deep,

Still on Repeats

“ The King sleeps! The King sleeps!”

A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO KING EDWARD VII

The Angel of Death has softly led
To the " Silent Land " our Illustrious Head.
But his name will remain till centuries cease,
Loved, honoured, revered—the Maker of Peace.

The Voice, hushed and deep,
Keeps on its Repeat,
" The King sleeps ! The King sleeps ! "

History rolls on—from the far-distant Past,
No name Great King Edward's shall overcast ;
His chronicles of triumph handed down
Shall thrill hearts with pride at his high renown.

The Voice, still and deep,
Keeps on its Repeat,
" The King sleeps ! The King sleeps ! "

Great Monarch of Nations, newly passed on ;
Thy duties on earth have been bravely done.
God's benison rests on thy life work here,
And Countries will bless it from year to year.

The Voice, hushed and deep,
Keeps on its Repeat,
" The King sleeps ! The King sleeps ! "

A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO KING EDWARD VII

England's prayers shall ascend for thy beautiful Queen,
Alike loved and trusted as thou hast been,
That she may have comfort, and strength, and relief
For her sad widowed heart and matchless grief.

The Voice, hushed and deep,
Keeps on its Repeat,
"The King sleeps! The King sleeps!"

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra very graciously
accepted this.

A WISH FOR MY DEAREST FRIEND

A WISH FOR MY DEAREST FRIEND.

I wish you all the good that fairy tales invent.
I wish you above all the boon of sweet content—
An amulet to charm the darkest cloud away
And show in fairer radiance the sun of life's bright ray.

ROSE

ROSE.

'Tis Summers long ago
Since Rose, my little maiden,
A bud with sunshine laden,
 Began to grow.

A frail and tiny blush bud
Was Rose, my little maiden,
But, sweet with sunshine laden,
 A flowery load.

The Summers come and go
And Rose, my little maiden,
No more with sunshine laden,
 Is here below.

Like her namesake sweet
Is Rose, my little maiden,
With no sunshine laden,
 Drooping at our feet.

Sad sight to see !
Unpetal'd, scattered flower,
The touch of a rough hour
 Blighted thee.

A SPRAY OF MOSS

A SPRAY OF MOSS.

SONG (*Music composed by the Writer*).

Beautiful Moss, so ruthlessly torn
 Away from your shady bed,
Wet with the dew of the early morn
 Is your bending, graceful head.

Beautiful Moss, I have shortened your stay
 In your lowly, sheltered spot.
I tenderly stroke you, feathery spray,
 And whisper you're not forgot.

I will carry you home, my beautiful Moss,
 And treasure you much and long.
Perchance you can help me forget the dross—
 Life's cares—and all that is wrong.

As I gaze upon you, beautiful Moss,
 The type of a sweet, pure life
Comes over my mind, and I feel I'm close
 To the end of toil and strife.

CHRISTOPHER CHICK

CHRISTOPHER CHICK.

Once when enjoying a visit
At Dr. A's in the East
One morn I went out to elicit
Some news of my dog, odd beast.

Having done the round of the garden,
I entered the vine house then,
And crowned with a huge Dolly Varden,
I startled good Gardener Green.

"Dear me!" he cried out, with surprise,
"You gave me a fright, good ma'am."
"Oh, doubtless," said I, "I can that well
surmise,"
And acknowledged his quick salaam.

Chirp! Chirp! came forth from a watering-can.
"Good gracious! What can that be?
Now, just let me see, like a dear good man,"
As he knowingly looked at me.

CHRISTOPHER CHICK

Into the can his hand he thrust
 And out came a darling chick,
Looking so sweet and full of trust
 My heart went out to him quick.

“ But why is he there? ” cried I, in pain,
 And Green related his tale.
Thirteen eggs all sound, well lain,
 He had bought at a fancier’s sale.

He presented them to a favourite hen
 So that she might have a lovely brood ;
But, as you well know, the plans of men
 Are often misunderstood.

The hen neglected her precious trust,
 No lovely brood had she,
Only this one poor infant, thrust
 On worldly charity.

CHRISTOPHER CHICK

“ He is one day old,” the gardener sighed,
 “ And a nuisance he’s going to be ” !
“ Oh ! do let me have him at once,” I cried,
 And Chicky belonged to me.

I tucked him safely in my blouse
 And marched him off with glee,
To show the good people of the house
 The latest pet for me.

My pet he grew so fine and strong,
 With feathers so yellow and thick ;
He was loved and known by all ere long
 As Master Christopher Chick.

A wonderful bird you may surmise,
 He sat at the table for meals.
My shoulder his perch and a peck in my eyes
 Whenever inclined he feels.

CHRISTOPHER CHICK

Christopher once to Cromer went
Out on a holiday.
In a tiny bag he was borne content
Chirping his little lay.

On Cromer beach he strutted along
And pecked the pebbles so white,
And round him soon he gathered a throng,
Marvelling at the sight.

“What bird can that be? A Chick, d’ye see?
We’ve never seen that before;
An Orpington Buff so tame and free
Feeding on Cromer shore.”

Oh! Christopher was a famous bird!
And valiant grew ere long;
He could fight two dogs, and maybe a third,
His courage it was so strong.

CHRISTOPHER CHICK

But, sorry I am to have to say,
 There came a day of woe,
I lost my Christopher Chick in May
 Before he began to crow.

It happened this wise one Saturday night,
 When dinner was nearly o'er,
That Christopher gaped, and looked not right,
 And never ate any more.

Off for medical aid we set
 As we never set before ;
But even the help of the King's own vet.
 Couldn't my pet restore.

Good-bye, little Christopher, droll little pet,
 But dear to me withal.
On many worse things may affection be set
 Than a foundling chick, that's all.

THE LOVER'S WALK

THE LOVER'S WALK.

Spring the Season—hour the gloaming,
Ideal time for lover's roaming.

Cousin Fred, just let me mention,
To this same fact paid due attention

And whispered it to Cousin Nell,
Dearer to him than he could tell.

Fred was brave and bold and gay ;
Nell as sweet as buds in May ;

Each a child of birth and race
With spotless 'scutcheon born to grace ;

Yet each a child of Nature, too,
And loved her realm so great and true.

Romantic time—romantic spot,
The sordid world is soon forgot ;

They loiter down long leafy rows,
See moss and violets in repose ;

The birds o'erhead their vespers sing,
Then tuck their heads beneath their wing ;

THE LOVER'S WALK

The playful rabbits skurry by,
No happier life beneath the sky ;

A princely pheasant now takes wing,
Spurning intrusion like a King ;

And then a gentle toad appears
To view the scene and sniff the breeze.

All this the lovers see and feel
That Nature's life, so sweet and real,

Thrills them, and makes their own fond love
Seem fragrance wafted from above.

They move towards the rustic seat,
The brooklet sparkling at their feet,

And there, beneath an aged willow,
Repeat the tale so old and mellow.

Oh happy youth, and happy season
To true hearts, sure there's every reason

To quaff the cup of Nature given
To beauteous souls—a taste of heaven.

THE BASKET-MAKER

THE BASKET-MAKER.

There stands the good man's cottage
Sheltering near the hill,
Preserved up to its present age
By ingeniousness and skill.

Come! let me take you to see him,
It will do your spirit good ;
I fear your ideas are somewhat dim
About blissful solitude.

Let us enter now his wicket gate,
Through his garden quaint and sweet,
And look at the stacks of willows that wait
Near his peaceful rustic seat.

Lo, he is hastening to greet us
With his smile so leal and true ;
Just picture his coat of azure
Rivalling the heavenly blue.

THE BASKET-MAKER

Dear friend, we have come to see you
Plying your useful trade,
Plaiting and weaving your willows through
While tempting wickers are made.

On this same seat he has sat for years
As his father did before,
Following up the same careers
For a hundred years or more.

Now watch him making this hamper
With hands so deft and strong,
Hands that never would tamper
With deeds unkind or wrong.

A lonely life is his to lead,
With none to cheer his home ;
But with conscience clear, his only need
He can bear and overcome.

THE BASKET-MAKER

A faithful soul, who trusts in God
And makes the best of life,
Resigning himself to the chastening rod
When it scourges fierce and rife.

All honour, my friend, we give to thee,
All respect to the "Humble Good,"
Their reward will come in the life to be
Where hearts are understood.

MY LOST LOVE

MY LOST LOVE.

This night a spectre from the past appears,
The same has haunted me for many years.
I see again a graceful, high-born youth
With heart and spirit brave and eyes of truth,
Pleading his cause with me, a fickle fair,
Who simply laughed and said I didn't care.

“Ah me!” the spectre sighs,

“Thy true love dies.”

Sad day! I sent my true and best away,
His radiant spirit blighted once and aye,
Naught could the ruin of that heart restore.
Brave loving youth, he tried to think no more,
But all in vain! the piercing quivering dart
Had done its work and hit the fatal mark.

“Ah me!” the spectre sighed,

“Thy true love died.”

PARTING

PARTING.

Farewell, Beloved one, thou and I must part,
Sad fate it is, so dear to me thou art ;
But still this heart would sooner break
Than make thy pure and holy life a wreck.

Farewell, Beloved one,
And forget.

Forget that I have crossed your path of life,
I scorn myself for having caused such strife ;
The cloud upon thy spirit's beauteous ray
Will haunt me on my lonely, weary way.

Farewell, Beloved one,
And forget.

Too late we met—had but some kindly star
Ruled that no fate our happiness should mar ;
Then, Angel love, no need for this adieu,
Naught could have parted me from you.

Farewell, Beloved one,
And forget.

MY DOG MARMION

MY DOG MARMION.

(Died on New Year's Day, 1912.)

You ask me, Why those streaming eyes
And face so full of woe ?
Does not your heart bleed when a dumb friend
dies ?
Mine does—you surely know.

We have buried him now, my poor little dog,
And sprinkled the mould and flowers
On his dear white head, now cold as a log,
Long soaked with frosty showers.

He is gone, and I miss him, oh, so much,
Although I have pets galore ;
Yet my love for the lost, alas ! was such,
I joy in the living no more.

Our love was mutual—Marmion's and mine,
Faithful, devoted and strong ;
Oh, leave me alone o'er my loss to repine
For a little—if not for long.

MY DOG MARMION

Was he handsome? you ask. Oh, no!
My pet was afflicted—deaf and blind;
Yet he never knew it—he was born so,
He was also thought to be weak in mind.

My “Idiot dog” I named him in jest,
But I wish that was now unsaid,
For nobler feelings ne’er stirred in a breast
Than those in my dog that is dead.

Good-bye, little body, rest in your grave
With the jasmine decking you round,
May your bright spirit be as happy and brave
As on earth it was always found.

When my time comes to be laid in the cold
As my Marmion was just now,
May as kindly hands dig the crumbling mould,
And as genuine tears o’er me flow.

THE HEIGHT OF FAME

•

THE HEIGHT OF FAME.

Fame's height is like a rose full blown,
The brightest bloom comes just before it dies ;
Or like the brightest flash from meteor thrown
Just as it disappears from off the skies.

THE STAR

THE STAR.

(Written at the age of 12.)

Oh, lovely star, thou spark of fire !
That luminates the vault of heaven,
Thou art the sailor's midnight guide
Upon the ocean's swelling billows.
Oh, lovely star, how mindful thou
Art through the silent hours to us.
Oh ! ornament of heaven's bright arch,
Thou pourest down Celestial light.

MY VISION

MY VISION.

As the chime of the clock was striking
The weirdly midnight hour,
Like some piratical Viking
Filching from time its power.

Alone in my room I sat musing,
Not giving much heed, I fear,
To Time, and its solemn passing,
But dwelling on thoughts more dear.

When, hark ! as the last chime's echo
Had faintly died away,
A sigh from my open window
Made me hastily turn that way.

Near my uncurtained, open window,
Oh ! what on that chair do I see ?
A figure leaning on its elbow,
Wistfully looking at me.

MY VISION

In stunned dismay I sat gazing
At this well-remembered face ;
Some delusion sure must be raising
From a happy dreamland maze.

I repeated his name in awed wonder ;
For truly I thought him to be
In the thick of the fight out yonder
With Kitchener over the sea.

No answer came to my whispers,
The chair was vacant now ;
Past like the evening vespers
Was my vision so seemingly true.

At that same hour on an African plain
My Hero had passed away,
Wistfully longing to see me again,
His last good-bye to say.

MAJOR WELLINGTON GUERNSEY

MAJOR WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Brave Guernsey ! noble servant of thy Queen,
In battle famed and eke in song serene ;
In thee, true man, true patriot, poet, and cham-
pion found.

God's holy benison doth thy soul surround.

MY EVENING RIDE

MY EVENING RIDE.

Up the drive and through the gate
Along the road with pomp and state
Muse, my mare of matchless story,
I with neither fame nor glory,
 Bend our way.

Dancing, prancing, on we go,
Livelier than the breezes blow,
Ideal, most delightful ride
In the summer eventide,
 On we speed.

On the right the pastures green
With quaint and curious cots are seen ;
Farther on St. Michael's Church
Ivy-walled where birds can perch,
 Past we speed.

On the left the Briedden Hills,
Echoing now with birds and rills,
Crowned and garlanded with trees,
Stones and rocks of all degrees,
 On we speed.

MY EVENING RIDE

Owls are hooting, foxes bark,
Rejoicing it will soon be dark ;
Muse and I for nothing care,
Exuberant and free as air,
Speed we on.

O'er the bridge and round the turn
Where Nature's beauty none can spurn,
A lovelier view can ne'er be seen
Than this in summer evening's sheen,
On we speed.

Past the banks with foxglove drest,
Through the walls with stone-crop prest ;
Briedden's beauteous hill above
Echoes now with cooing dove,
On we go.

Down below the Severn winds
In links and twists of many kinds,
Through the rich, green meadow land
Watered by its bounteous hand,
A pleasant sight.

MY EVENING RIDE

Soon the summit we shall reach
And stop beneath a spreading beech,
While Muse and I great Nature's book
Will read with kindling hearts and look,
 Standing still.

On, again, past Bennet's farm,
Snug and sheltered from all harm,
Bounding past King Offa's Dyke,
Unseen, unchecked, just as we like,
 We canter on.

Here the crowning joys await.
Solitude in grandest state
Inspires us—and in me at least
Heart and soul and sight shall feast,
 Gazing round.

Now the hill in all its splendour
Strikes the eye with awe and wonder.
Bubbling at our feet a tarn,
With ne'er a sign of house or barn
 Far or near.

MY EVENING RIDE

Yonder graze the peaceful sheep
On the spot where warriors' feet
Tramped in hostile, furious strife,
When Rome and Britain met in strife
Long ago.

There fought Caractacus of old,
Valiant for Britain's cause and bold.
Tread gently, Muse, 'tis hallowed ground,
The bones of heroes lie around
From ages past.

There, further on, a mountain pond
With garb of lilies freshly donned ;
Wild rabbits coursing round its bank,
A pleasing sight to take its rank
In Nature's world.

A panorama next appears,
Such seldom seen in many years—
A chain of hills and counties round
Delight our view from this high ground.
A glorious scene !

MY EVENING RIDE

O'erhead great Rodney's pillar stands,
Whose name is famed in many lands :
Now down a rugged path and steep,
A gentle, cautious pace we keep,
 Nearing home.

Now pass we through the swinging gate,
Down past the mighty Stone of Fate ;
A few more paces, my sweet mare,
And you shall have the best of fare
 For this sweet ride.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

Susy McLeod, the village belle,
Is to marry to-night the tailor swell ;
And all the village, with bustle and hum,
Are preparing to give them welcome home.
Seven is the hour that the bridal knot
Will be tied by the parson, Mr. Scott ;
And, now that the hour is about to arrive,
You can see the people are all alive.

Let me tell you, the village has only one street,
With whitewashed houses, thatched and neat.
Up the street two carriages roll,
Out of one peeps the parson's poll ;
In the other is seen the bridegroom gay,
With bouquet so large for his wedding day.
They stop at the door of Mrs. McLeod,
Amid shouts of delight from the rustic crowd ;
And then before the assembled guests
The bridegroom obeys the parson's behests,
And stations himself at a given point,
And looks at his feet and finger's joint.
Excess of happiness makes him shy,
He can't feel easy, howe'er he may try.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING

At length the blushing young bride appears,
Her mother behind her dissolved in tears.
As the bride moves on to the bridegroom's side,
He casts her a furtive glance of pride.
The parson now takes up the Holy Book,
And bends on them both a solemn look ;
Then joins them together for woe or weal
With the plain gold ring, the wedding seal.
The carriages now have been dismissed,
The bride by her mother and sisters kissed,
The parson his speech has made and retired,
And the bride and her gown have been much
admired.

Now, the fun of the night's about to begin,
They march to the barn of Farmer Quin,
And there they trip the fantastic toe
Till small hours of the morning, four, or so.
The fiddler arrives and takes his stand
In the van of the march of which he's command ;
Another brave fiddler brings up the rear,
And two bold pipers are standing near.
The bride and bridegroom now step forth
To the lively tune of the " Cock o' the North " ;

THE VILLAGE WEDDING

Following the ark arrangement of old,
By twos and twos, they step out bold,
A fiddler behind and a fiddler before,
With prancing pipers the people adore.
Oh! 'tis a gey braw sight to see
This Wedding March near Bonnie Dundee.
Arrived at the barn of Farmer Quin,
Decked out so gaily without and within,
The bride and bridegroom lead off the reels,
And the company enjoy the kicking of heels
And "cutting of figures" and cracking of
thumbs
And "hoochings" and stampings like so many
drums ;
On they go through the blithesome night,
Dispensing good wishes with all their might
Till the early morn, when they all depart,
Blessing the wedding with all their heart.

JUDY MILLAR

JUDY MILLAR.

Miss Judy Millar sat near a pillar
 Playing her mandoline ;
Her Persian sat on the rug beside
 And mewed with rapture keen,
It mewed and mewed and mewed so loud
 That the earwigs stood aghast,
But a little mouse squeaked its loud applause,
 And the blue-bottles waltzed more fast.

January 15, 1908.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
ALBANY.

(Written at a very early age.)

Hark! we hear the sound of mourning!
See the bitter tears that fall!
Yes, that tyrant Death is turning
Grief into the doors of all.

Gracious kings and mighty princes
Have that grief the same to share.
Yes! the much-loved Prince of England
Lies upon his lonely bier.

See, his Mother's heart is breaking
For the son she loved so dear,
And his Widow's tear is falling
As she gazes on him there.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY

In the midst of all his pleasure,
 In the golden days of youth,
He was taken as a treasure
 To his Heavenly Father's house.

He was England's star of learning,
 Tho' he was of feeble frame,
Everyone he filled with yearning
 To succeed and gain a name.

SINCERITY

SINCERITY.

Tune, Muse, thy lyre, and give me power
To sing upon this theme sublime,
Sincerity ! the sweetest flower
That lives and grows in any clime.

A heart full of sincerity !
What greater blessing can a mortal crave
Than friend sincere, and love, in verity,
To last thro' weal or woe right onward to
the grave ?

Friendship is unworthy of the name—
I scorn it—that simply shows itself
When one is great, or wise, or known to fame,
But hides away when one is low or sad or
on the shelf.

SINCERITY

Give me the prized and valiant friend
 Who calmly greets inevitable fate
Through fortune's smiles or frowns, still constant
 to the end,
With cheering hope and solace great.

Sincerity ! shed thy radiance on my life,
 And lure me onward till my sun has set ;
Thy cheering ray will comfort in the strife
 And in oblivion sink the base untrue I've met.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

(Music composed by the Author.)

Come hame wi' me, my lammie,
And dinna greet sae !
That'll no bring back yer Mammie,
Na ! wae's me.

Come hame wi' me, my lammie,
Come awa' ;
An' play wi' oor wee Sammie
At bouf ba'.

Come hame wi' me, my lammie,
Puir wee bairn,
Yer best freend's gane in Mammie
You'll sune learn.

But lat me dry yer een, bairn,
And come wi' me,
I'll gie ye a mither's care, bairn,
As weel's kin be.

CRIGGION

CRIGGION.

(SONG. *Music composed by the Author.*)

Criggion's sweet peace for me !
And Criggion's Hills for me !
 Sweet, happy days I've spent,
 Dear place, in thee.

With kind true hearts around,
Where echoes of love resound,
 Sweet, happy days I've spent,
 Dear place, in thee.

Warm, kindly smiles I meet,
From those true souls I greet ;
 Sweet, happy days I've spent,
 Dear place, in thee.

CRIGGION

May joy and peace serene
In thee be ever seen ;
 Sweet, happy days I've spent,
 Dear place, in thee.

Heaven's blessing rest on thee,
Thou Queen of Nature, free,
 Sweet, happy days I've spent,
 Dear place, in thee.

GENERAL BROCK

GENERAL BROCK.¹

Neglected Hero ! Shame on England !

To let thy great name perish so.

Her valiant soldier, noble patriot !

Honoured even by her foe—

Shame on England !

To let thy great name perish so.

A hundred years of cold neglect

This hero's name has borne

By England, who might well reflect

His scars for her were worn—

Shame on England !

To let thy great name perish so.

His glorious 49th he led

At the Battle of Egmont-op-Zee ;

Fighting for England there he bled,

But long forgotten is he—

Shame on England !

To let thy great name perish so.

¹ Fell on Queenstown Heights, 13th October, 1812.

GENERAL BROCK

At Copenhagen's fight he shone,
The second in command ;
The forces on the land led on
By his victorious hand—
Shame on England !
To let thy great name perish so.

In Canada he crowned his fame,
In England's great Dominion ;
Brock's name is there an honoured name,
Upheld on glory's pinion—
Shame on England !
To let thy great name perish so.

Britain's foes he kept in check
With many a bold exploit ;
Hull's boasted courage he left a wreck
In the capture of Detroit—
Shame on England !
To let thy great name perish so.

GENERAL BROCK

As Statesman, too, his name's revered
Thro' great Ontario State ;
His fame to Britain time has seared—
'Tis many a hero's fate—
Shame on England !
To let thy great name perish so.

On Queenstown Heights he nobly fell
In his most victorious hour—
Honoured by friend and foe as well,
A man among men—a power—
Shame on England !
To let thy great name perish so.

On Queenstown Heights there stands to-day
A monument of fame,
Canadian hearts may proudly say,
“ Behold ! our hero's name ! ”
Shame on England !
To let thy great name perish so !

TIME AND SPACE

TIME AND SPACE.

What is the meaning of Time and Space ?

Tis a problem one dare hardly face ;

Methinks they are but the canvas bare,

And each life an artist painting there.

CHILD OF THE WORLD

CHILD OF THE WORLD.

Sad and repining !
 Child of the world,
Weak heart inclining,
 Into sin hurl'd.

Pleasures alluring
 Drawing thee on,
No comfort assuring
 Now life is done.

Conscience suppressing
 During long years,
This sadly confessing,
 Thro' bitter tears.

Pleasures deceiving,
 Joy bells ring ;
Scarcely conceiving,
 Woes they bring.

Sequel ensuing,
 Alway must be,
Spectres pursuing,
 Torturing thee.

A WISH FOR DOROTHY

A WISH FOR DOROTHY.

She is sweet twenty-one, as I see her to-day,
In the hey-day of youth with spirits gay,
With a heart kind and true, and always sincere,
So may it continue from year to year.

May her life glide on like a happy stream,
Unruffled by storm or tides unseen ;
Tranquilly on till it reach the great main,
Knowing its course will have not been vain.

CAROL

CAROL.

(Sung in St. Michael's Church, Criggion,

December 25, 1901.)

This is the Great King's Natal morn !
The King of Heaven !
To Him we owe of Mary born,
Our sins forgiven,
Our sins forgiven.

Let hearts and voices swell in praise
Of God's own Son,
Who left His heavenly realm to raise
Poor souls undone,
Poor souls undone.

Extol our Saviour's lowly Birth
With praise to-day
To the King of Heaven, from men on earth,
Love's homage pay,
Love's homage pay.

CAROL

Our Saviour suffered pain and death

To ransom us ;

Love, praise and loyalty and faith,

To our Lord Jesus,

To our Lord Jesus.

Amen.

Written and composed December, 1901.

MY FAIR ONE

MY FAIR ONE.

(Translation from Victor Hugo.)

'Tis night, my fair one sleeps !
Fast bolted door she keeps.
Awake, sweet sleeping rose,
No more thy dear heart close
To thy lover's smiles and tears.
Awake ! and banish fears.

 List ! fair one, list !
I sing to thee thro' smiles,
I sing to thee thro' tears.

'Tis dawn ! and still I wait
To hear my destined fate.
Awake ! Light says 'tis day,
The birds begin their lay ;
Thy lover's heart is full
With love that may not cool.

 List ! fair one, list !
I sing to thee thro' smiles,
I sing to thee thro' tears.

—*February*, 1912.

THE WAVE

THE WAVE.

(A Translation.)

Restless, hurrying wave!
Wherefore all this speed?
Before you're lost to sight,
Tell me where you lead!
"I am the wave of Life—
Hastening to the main,
Longing to be washed
From hideous earthly stain.
Thro' Time's uncertain motion
I'm hastening on my way
To join the mighty ocean
Of Eternity."

—*February*, 1912.

AD THALIARCHUM

AD THALIARCHUM.

(Translation from Horace. Ode IX.)

See Soractes' snow-capped mountain !
And the groves all white below !
The icicles hang on the fountain ;
The winds of Boreas blow.

The rivers, concealed in an icy sheet,
Can boast of no running stream ;
All Nature proclaims in signs we meet
King Winter reigns supreme.

Heap on the logs on the blazing fire,
And expel the wind and cold ;
And let us be merry and never tire
Of singing the songs of old.

AD THALIARCHUM

Come, Host, bring forth your best old wine
From the rich Sabinian cask,
And we'll quaff a bumper for thee and thine
And heartily love the task.

To-day is the time for pleasure and fun,
Forget the cares of to-morrow.
The short day of youth will soon be done,
If age will not let us borrow.

—*February*, 1912.

AD MINISTRUM

AD MINISTRUM.

(Translated from Horace. Ode XXXVIII.)

Persian pomps, my serving boy,
Have no charms for me ;
The linden garlands but annoy,
That deck so mightily.

I wish not the latest rose, I vow,
That blooms upon the tree ;
But a simple spray of myrtle bough,
Far better cheereth me.

So bring me a myrtle spray, boy,
With my cup of cooling wine ;
It can mar neither yours nor my joy—
Server nor served shall repine.

AD VENEREM

AD VENEREM.

(*Translation from Horace. Bk. 3. Ode. XXVI.*)

Great Goddess Queen! I now approach thy Court
And humbly bend—thy favour to exhort.

Through many wars I've fought and scarcely
scarred,

Though in the foremost fight I've fiercely warred;
But now with arms and battles fierce I've done,
And leave to heroes new the victor's crown.

To thy sweet realm, O Queen! I now have turned,
And to my heart's dear cost, I've swiftly learned
That Love, though passing sweet, is mixed with
pain

More fatal than the scars on battle plain.

With women fair of late sweet hours I've spent
But Chloe alone can bring me true content.

—*February, 1912.*

A PICTURE IN THE FIRE

A PICTURE IN THE FIRE.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead ”
Who never in the fire hath read
A fairy tale, or seen a picture weird and grand
Down in the fiery, burning land ?
Stories many you there may read,
And pictures vast there are, indeed,
In that same fire before your eyes.
Why look at me in such surprise ?
There, underneath that high, black arch,
Equipped and ready for a march,
I see a fair-haired, pretty child,
With heavenly face and eyes so mild ;
Her dress seems touched with Sinai's gold,
Burnished with light in every fold ;
Near her a timid, worn-out man,
Eyes without sight and face so wan—
He stands there doubtful how to go,
Shivering and shrinking in his woe.
The little maiden takes his hand
And leads him gently on to land.
He feebly thanks her and goes on

A PICTURE IN THE FIRE

A pace or two, and then, with groan,
Stumbles against that barrier there ;
And had not she, with thoughtful care,
Waited and watched he would have been
Much bruised and hurt in gulf unseen.
She gently leads him on again,
On to the sunshine thro' the rain.
He thinks he now can manage right,
And onward goes ; but soon 'tis night,
And holes and ruts he has to face
In this same road he needs must trace ;
The little maiden hears his cry
And quickly at his side is by,
And takes his hand and guides him on
Till day is come and night is gone.
Without this child the poor blind man
Need never have his course began,
For crushed and bleeding by the way
He would have been, but for her stay,
'To guide each step with tender love,
Luring him on to heaven above.
My picture is no aureat wraith,
But images the child called Faith.

AN IVY LEAF

AN IVY LEAF.

Stern eyes are on us
As we part—
Forbidden to know
Each other's heart.
He takes my hand
In a cold good-bye,
Hast'ning away
Without a sigh.

Ah, poor aching heart!
Left thus behind!
No last fond look,
No message kind—
Not even the usual
Warm farewell—
Nor a few kind words
To wish me well.

How can I bear it?
My heart will break,
Though pleasing smiles
My face must deck.

AN IVY LEAF

I will write him a letter,
And let him know
That this parting meant
To me bitter woe.

Ah, what is this
On my table here ?
An Ivy Leaf
Left by him, so dear.
Ah, this, indeed !
Is comfort sweet,
Much more than any
Mere words could mete.

This is the Message
Left by my love,
“Cling to me, child,
I am strong above
All rough weathers
And powers that provoke ;
In me put your lasting, faithful trust,
I am the strong and trusty oak.

AN IVY LEAF

“ Let no ruthless hand
Tear thee from me,
I, at least, never
Will turn from thee.
Cling to me, child,
Whatever betide ;
Thro’ life and death
In me confide.”

Oh, comforting message !
Dear ivy leaf !
I will treasure and keep thee
Thro’ joy and grief.
Thou wilt ever be to me
The magic spell
Saying to my heart,
Doubt not, all is well !

EIRENE

EIRENE.

Anxiously bending
Over her bed,
“ Fate is impending ! ”
Whispering said.

Dear early Blossom !
Surely, not yet ;
So recently come,
You will linger, sweet pet.

Joy of the home !
This dear bud of ours,
Say not to the tomb !
Tho' its shadow o'erlowers.

Our darling must leave us,
Hope goeth to dust,
Our parched, riven souls thus
To fate submit must.

So young to have borne
The grim woes of pain ;
Her angel smile worn
To comfort us, fain.

EIRENE.

Kissed by the breath of Death,
Eirene's at peace,
Safe in the fold of Faith,
Joy and release.

Passed is her Angel Spirit,
But mem'ry will last,
No time will erase it,
Or oblivion o'ercast.

WILD HONEYSUCKLE

WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Greeting to thee, sweet roving flower !
In thy peaceful shady bower,
Undisturbed by clouds that lower
 Thy short life passes.

Thy sweetly scented petals meet
And kiss and love in this retreat,
Bending o'er my leafy seat
 In graceful sprays.

Thy lovely trails in fair array
Adorned afresh for each new day,
Rove wildly, freely as they may
 Embalming air.

No ruthless foot can trample thee,
Perchance admiring eyes may see
Thee sometimes, and with me agree
 How fair thou art.

WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Thy precious stems no storm may crush,
Safe sheltered from intrusive rush ;
And now in quiet evening's hush
 I thee must leave.

The western sky has shown the sign
That tears me from thee, sweet woodbine,
But e'er I go, thy head incline
 In parting kiss.

SCANDAL

SCANDAL.

Should we hear a hurtful whisper
About any of our friends,
Allow it not to fester,
But try to make amends,
These wicked breaths of scandal
Are like the hoary frosts
That kill, like a cruel vandal,
The choicest buds in hosts.

Beware of the sin-bred malice
That prompts an idle tale,
And know that the heart is callous
That will listen and never pale.
One that ne'er pales with anger
At the sound of calumny,
But listens with puny langour,
Is not the friend for me.

Always stand up for an absent friend,
Whatever you may hear ;
From attacks of evil spleen defend
His name—and show it clear ;

SCANDAL

Even tho' we know 'tis *petty* minds
That degrade the world so ;
Listeners they have, one always finds,
In high estate or low.

Women in halls of splendour
Smilingly drop a hint
That will gnaw like a worm canker
A good name—'twas so meant.
The cottager on her threshold,
With bated breath repeats
A rumour that now is freehold
Of a neighbour she often greets.

There *may* sometimes be a grain of truth,
But as often there's none at all,
And the grain is magnified forsooth !
Conscience has gone to the wall !
The world of Nature's beauty
Is marred by gossip's bane ;
Let it be yours and my duty
To stamp it out amain !

LILIES AT TWILIGHT

LILIES AT TWILIGHT.

(SONG.)

A feeling of sadness o'er her,
 Bowing her beautiful head,
"Life is dull at the gloaming hour"
 Is what sweet May had said.
Now wandering round the garden,
 In the day's peaceful lull,
Begging the lilies pardon
 For thinking that they were dull.

With silvery voice
A spirit sings,
 In twilight hour
 The lilies dream,
 Wild fancy's flower
 They well might seem.

The lilies shake with laughter
 At the idea so impugned
And whisper "We will waft her
 Good balm for her dull wound."

LILIES AT TWILIGHT

May, now full lighter-hearted,
 Bends o'er the lilies fair,
Dispersing, ere they are parted,
 Her former clouds of care.

With silvery voice
The spirit sings,
 In twilight hour
 The lilies pure
With heavenly pow'r
 Sad hearts will cure.

A REVERIE AT EVEN

A REVERIE AT EVEN.

The dying sun is sinking in the west,
The distant Berwyns glow like Sinai of old,
Draped in their golden, fiery garb and drest,
Besides, with robe of green and purple fold.

The woodland slopes are also bathed in gold ;
And shimmering Severn slowly winds its course,
With here and there, bright glimpses, which
 more bold
Reveal to us, the ebbing day's last force.

The Berwyns stand like Sentinels, tall and grand
Guarding the timid hamlets on the plain,
A peaceful hush seems over all the land,
As, musing here, we by our window stand.

How many nights have ebb'd and days have
 flown
Since these great hills their sentry first began ;
And since the fields in yonder plain were sown
With kindly fruits for patient beast and man ?

A REVERIE AT EVEN

Since the first ebb and flow of day began,
Full many flocks have grazed on yonder hills ;
Full many a nimble deer, and fox, and hare have
 ran,
And happy birds have piped their joyous trills.

A solemn thought, thus, cometh from the west,
We think of Life that was, and is no more,
Men, beasts, and birds in numbers, now at rest,
Who once our places filled, and semmblance wore.

We said, at rest they were, but still they shine—
At least men do—in fairer worlds than this ;
They cannot grudge their place to us, or pine,
Sharing that vast Eternity of bliss.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

(SONG.)

Forget not Long Ago !
On a wild December night,
When stars were low—
A boy and girl they plight
Their love vows, O !
Forget not Long Ago !

Forget not Long Ago !
On that wild December night,
The rain began to drop.
The boy and girl in fright,
For shelter stop,
Forget not Long Ago !

Forget not Long Ago !
On that wild December night,
Under the shelt'ring bower,
The boy and girl deemed right
To bless the shower,
Forget not Long Ago !

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

Forget not Long Ago !
On that wild December night,
The girl, poor flutt'ring dove,
In the dim starlight,
Gave the first kiss of Love,
Forget not Long Ago !

Forget not Long Ago !
On that wild December night,
The rapturous bliss
Of the vows that naught could blight,
And that Love's first kiss,
Forget not Long Ago !

AN IDEAL FRIEND

AN IDEAL FRIEND.

What name more beautiful than friend ?
Comfort and trust, and strength all blend,
And blessing and joy and love attend,
In friend sincere.

A friend is one whose heart is warm
To feel for us in trouble, or when harm
Approaches us, and in alarm
We call for pity.

A friend is one whose heart is true,
If sinned we have, and kind words few
Are said of us, this friend with strength anew
Stands firmly by us.

A friend is one whose heart is brave,
And not to narrow minds a slave,
But'll fight our cause with spirit grave
And overcome.

A friend is one whose heart is good
And softens oft our hardest mood,
And when a tempter base withstood,
Kind courage gives.

AN IDEAL FRIEND

A friend is one whose heart is full
Of joy, when fate has given a pull
To lend us aid to reach our goal
Of fame or greatness.

A friend is one whose mind is great,
No offence ere takes, but'll simply wait,
Till wrongs are righted, and tho' late
Forgive us still.

A friend is one whose heart is love,
Whose sympathies and thoughts are wove
With ours, a precious gift 'tis from above,
This one true friend.

A MOONLIGHT REMINISCENCE

A MOONLIGHT REMINISCENCE.

The silvery moon was shining,
As I stood far out of reach
Of the sea below, which was moaning,
On the cold, white pebbly beach.

Down the narrow pathway winding,
I ventured at last to the shore ;
And there on a rock I sat musing
On the sea, and the days of yore.

As I looked out on that awesome sight—
That groaning, grumbling sea—
On this fair peaceful moonlight night,
A dread came over me.

I called out to the waves to speak,
And tell me what they had done
With the myriad lives the sea doth wreak
Its vengeance each day upon.

A MOONLIGHT REMINISCENCE

The cruel, cruel waves cared not,
 But laughed in their murd'rous glee,
And beckoned me nearer to the spot,
 Longing to bear away me.

Oh terrible thought to muse on, the graves
 Of the brave and noble and great,
Who have perished so oft in these angry waves—
 So many a seaman's fate.

I wandered along the lonely shore,
 With the cliffs all towering above,
Until I came to one grave more,
 Where I stopped, and looked in love.

A romantic, lonely grave is this,
 In the churchyard by the sea,
Marked by a pillar, not amiss
 For a poet such as he.

A MOONLIGHT REMINISCENCE

A poet's grave is this, indeed !

And I looked at it in awe ;
Wondering if this were all his mead,
This pillar which I saw.

I thought upon his sad, sad fate,
These many years ago ;
Glory he had, but for love no mate,
So had ended his life of woe.

And here in this " poet's corner " doth he,
Or, rather, his bones repose,
In the grandest solitude by the sea,
And his grave the cliffs enclose.

JOHNNY'S LETTERS

JOHNNY'S LETTERS.

My name, I expect, you will much admire
'Tis John Adolphus Stumps, Esquire ;
I live in an old Manor House of my own,
And to chatting a deal I am greatly prone.

For instance—I'll give you a yarn in full,
Before my coffee and broiled bones cool,
Of my letters that came by this morning's post,
Nibbling the while a mouthful of toast.

This one on the top, with the very large seal,
Is from Pa—I'll proceed with the meal.
The Guv'nor's letters are always absurd,
With Socratic counsel in every word.

This one's from Sister Josephine.
She reminds one so of a cannibal queen
Slaying her victims—of course I mean men—
On every hand, and attacking again.

JOHNNY'S LETTERS

Let's see what she says—" My darling John,
You will joy when you hear of the prize I've won;
Lord Timothy Timmins has begged for my hand,
And his suit, of course, I could not withstand.

" So my wedding takes place in early June—
You see how busy I shall needst be soon.
My news to you being now quite done,
I'll wish you good-bye, you dear old John."

The next one comes from a very old pal,
Who a year ago went out to Natal;
His health is seedy—so he says—
And hopes to return these early days.

This is a queer looking article here,
With a stamp on the middle and one on each ear;
This comes from the eccentric Dr. Phrost,
Three ha'pence he pays to catch the late post.

JOHNNY'S LETTERS

Well, what does *he* say ? Just let me see ;
He's discovered a cure for—Fiddle-de-dee !
Interest in physics I never could take.
The idea ! such haste this announcement to make.

This looks a more interesting document now ;
Break open the seal and hear it avow,—
“ The Countess Carbouski presents her respects
To her friend, Mr. Stumps, whose presence
bedecks.

“ And 'twould give her much pleasure, if he could
come
On Saturday next, to her little ‘ At Home.’ ”
Well, perhaps I will, and perhaps I won't,
My motto for “ At Homes ” is, usually, “ Don't.”

Here is a mightily perfumed letter,
With a crest on the back like an ancient setter ;
'Tis the fist of my Lord Tomnoddy Mote,
Asking the loan of a ten-pound note.

JOHNNY'S LETTERS

Here are a dozen or so of duns ;
Likewise a receipt for my bachelor buns ;
The duns may go in the waste-paper basket,
But the last of the lot will retire to a casket.

The Last, but not least, of my morning pile
Is from Her—yes Her—you're silly to smile,
For now I won't let you hear what she says,
And this you'll regret to the end of your days.

Her letter's the best that's ever been written ;
Put that little fact in your pipe or your mitten,
And always remember what you have lost
By smiling at Johnny over his toast.

ODE TO THE DAWN

ODE TO THE DAWN.

Aurora! rising from thy ocean bed!
In fiery chariot, by thy swift steeds led,
Thy rosy fingers dropping pearly dew,
As thou ascendest to the heavenly blue,
Of late with black, and sombre darkness hung,
But at thy touch aside the curtains flung;
And kindly Light comes smiling forth once more,
Awakening Life. As in long days of yore,
The joyous birds display their gay attire,
And warble each its part in Nature's choir.
Harmonious sounds of sweet and varied kinds
Now greet Aurora's ears, as on she winds
Her course triumphant, and, fair Goddess, see!
The fountains smile, the woods rejoice, for thee.

ODE

ODE.

(Translation from Horace. Bk. 3. Ode II.)

Hardships many thou hast endured, my friend,
Let this young soldier now to warfare tend ;
Confront and fight the savage Parthian foe
With deadly lance and patriotic blow.

A life in open air by him now spent,
With dangers round, will make him not relent
When, sieging round the tyrant's fortress wall,
He'll fight or die at his dear country's call.

The foeman's gentle wife with maidens sigh
That by their royal lord this youth may die.
His fight they watch and see him trampled, lain,
This brave young horseman, 'mid the many slain.

Honoured is he who for his country dies,
And he whose spirit from no peril flies ;
Death—but no honour—to the knave who runs
From danger's field, and leaves not there his
bones.

ODE

Valour! Thou shield for every soldier's wear ;
None clad in thee, the fight to shirk would dare.
Flattery nor gain nor favour valour seeks,
Shunning the praise of men—earth's glamour
freaks.

Valour, with heaven and honour for its goal,
No boast ere makes, nor doth desire high rôle ;
On land and sea its lustre will be seen,
Trusted and tried this shield of peerless sheen.

Pursuant death—to good and bad alike—
Comes surely on, vengeance tho' safe to strike,
With halting step, the miscreant pursues ;
Virtue and crime arraigned, each has its dues.

ODE

ODE.

(Translation from Horace. Bk. 2. Ode XVI.)

Ploughing through tempest on the Ægean Sea,
Ease is the boon asked of the Gods by thee ;
The moon with grim, black clouds her face hath
 hid,
And scarce a beacon star is seen amid.

For ease from war the Thracian son would pray,
And e'en the Mede with graceful quivers may
All long for ease, this precious, priceless state,
The man with ease of mind is blessed by fate.

Gold cannot buy an hour that's free from care ;
Nor can a consul's guard fight this bug-bear ;
Tumult's in every breast, none can gainsay,
In gilded palace e'en it holds its sway.

ODE

Most blest, indeed, is that contented man
Who with his little heirloom silver can
Enjoy his table and his sound repose,
With no ambition, nor the dread of foes.

What plans we all do make in our short lives
One leaves his native home and duly strives
In other countries to forget his care ;
In vain, self clings to self, no matter where.

Care chases fast and far the best rigged ship,
And climbs her prow, and peace from her would
strip ;
Care follows, too, the fleetest war horse seen,
More swift than deer, or cruel east wind keen.

But for the present leave all fears behind ;
Rejoice in all the good that you can find.
Shed o'er your sadness holy rays of joy,
There is no feeling, but has its alloy.

ODE

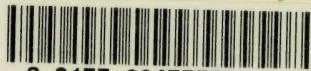
Surrounded by thy many neighing steeds,
And lowing herds and flocks for all thy needs,
And robe of purple cloth for daily wear,
I wish not in thy grandeur great to share.

May my lot be some quiet country home,
With my sweet lyre as friend alone to roam ;
Forsaking quite the rabble of the world,
On which my everlasting scorn be hurl'd.

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